

The Student's Pen

Thanksgiving

November, 1923



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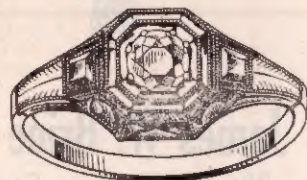
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The STUDENT'S PEN

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No. 2

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CONTENTS

EDITORIALS

A November Landscape	Ruth Simmons	4
Mathematics and Dreams	The Dreamer	4
Who Ever Heard of Such a Thing!	Pauline Wagner	5
A Message to the Seniors	Elizabeth Yeadon	6
Our Banking		6
An Etiquette Club	Doris Kirby	7
A Plea For a New High School	Eva Rosenbaum	7

LITERATURE

"Snowbound" Junior	Mary Beebe	8
"It is Better to Give Than to Receive"	Pauline Wagner	11
Pittsfield's School Buildings	Mildred Rice	14

REVIEWS

"Pasteur"	Kyle Forrest	26
"R. U. R."	Helen Beattie	27
"The Timber"	Agnes Wentworth	27
"Across Mongolian Plains"	D. H. Robertelle Fisher	28
"The Little Minister"	Eva Knight	28
"Captain Blood"	Francis Kennedy	28

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

ALUMNI		34
EXCHANGES		35
ATHLETICS		37
YE POLL PARROT		43

EDITORIALS

A November Landscape

Grey are the low-hanging, wind-swept skies of drear November. Cold and grim, they appear to come to rest just behind the barren, smoke-blue mountains. October has gone, and with her she has taken the joy of the year. Frosty Winter's icicled fingers are drawing near and soon will clutch the whole land in a cruel embrace. Trees have dropped their cloaks of gorgeous colors (we can see them lying in faded tatters on the ground) and stand gaunt, bare, and motionless while the sad wind sings a dirge thru their branches. In place of the brilliant summer green, or the warm autumn yellow, the earth has wrapped herself in a robe of melancholy drab. The stiff, dry stalks of dead golden-rod shiver before the blasts of moaning wind. A few lonely crows flap their wings and caw loudly above yonder stubbled cornfield, while below, the forgotten scare-crow vainly flaps his empty sleeves. Now all earth mourns the departure of youth and prepares herself for her long rest.

Ruth Simmons '24

Mathematics and Dreams

While studying the life of Macaulay, I learned that while in school and college he showed a marked dislike for all forms of mathematics and a great love for literature. If I may be pardoned for comparing myself with Lord Macaulay, one of the greatest English writers, I am like him in this respect.

Mathematics do not appeal to me. However hard I try, my mind will not run in the mathematical channel. Time after time I have failed in the attempt to do an assignment of problems, for the current of my thoughts flows off into a land of romance and dreams, where x 's and y 's are enemies—long since banished.

The question is, then, why should I continue to try to accomplish the seemingly impossible since I know that the world of dreams is the realm where I wish to dwell? I do not intend to answer this question, for I cannot. The best I can do is to protest against the imposition, give my arguments and let whom it may interest answer it, if he so desires.

I was born a dreamer. Every writer is a dreamer—except, of course, the materialist. If one is gifted with the power to write mental pictures and beautiful ideas in a way that will appeal to mankind, why should he not develop his talent! Life would be dull and monotonous indeed without books that arouse our emotions and give us food for dreams. Of course, I do not wish to convey the idea that mathematics are useless. Far from it; they are very valuable—for mathematicians; but let the writer have every minute to improve himself and give the world his best.

Now, I must say a few words more, for, I know the mathematician will put

forth his strong argument, if I don't refute it first. I could almost feel while I have been talking that he has been eager to interrupt with these words, "But mathematics develop your mind for quick and accurate thinking". Yes, I grant that they have done this to his mind but to mine, never. You cannot force the current of a river. Does he think you can force the natural current of the mind?

The Dreamer '24

Who Ever Heard of Such a Thing!

Of course you have heard of boys and girls going to college to study—and perhaps more often to have a good time. And you know when Sister goes to college the whole house is upset as a result. Mother's long adored feather fan is suddenly found to be missing, father's orange tie which Sister had always said just matched her sport outfit, glows guiltily at the bottom of her trunk and when brother starts to write to his best girl and finds his linen stationery gone, he immediately knows to whom to write demanding its prompt return.

But why take only representatives of your family to college with you? Why not take your whole family? Let's think about it.

Now in my family consider first my father. (The man is always supposed to be at the head of the house although there are times when father is alone in this belief.) Dad is a fine mathematician. He can multiply like Einstein, and " x " is no unknown quantity to him. Wouldn't he be of some help?

Next comes Mother. She has read nearly every book that has been written! At least it seems so to me, a mere tyro in the world's best literature. And what an imagination has mother! You know this latter trait is a most helpful gift especially in college. For instance Miss Jones, your English teacher may ask for a composition on the experiences of a cream-puff. Now, if you have Mother's imagination, you can make your cream-puff, but substitute a filling of romance for the usual substance masquerading as cream. Whereas, I would hand the cream-puff over the counter to an ordinary customer, Mother would sell it to a jolly benevolent millionaire. He would be strolling through the slum districts of New York, perhaps seeking local color, perhaps out of mere curiosity, carrying the bag holding the cream-puff tightly clutched in his right hand. (Mother always makes it the right hand. I would be sure to choose the wrong one.) A mere slip of a lad accosts him whining, "Please, sir, my father is sick. Give me that cream-puff for him?"

The millionaire delighted at the boy's brilliancy in guessing what he had in the bag and moved to tears by the lad's pitiful tale speaks, "Child, lead me to your father."

The lad leads him to a tumble-down shack where upon entering, the millionaire sees lying on a couch, a man. He approaches and to his surprise discovers that he is his long lost brother. They cling together and the story ends where the millionaire promises that he will divide his fortune with his brother. There, didn't I say Mother had an imagination?

Then comes "Bud". Yes, even though he does go to Junior High ("that foolish place where they teach children French and Latin before they know English") he does know something. You see he is all brushed up on little facts in history that I have forgotten. Moreover, "Bud" could explain to me some of those complicated terms in baseball and football in case I should be asked to any games. Bud was once kind enough to explain to me that in football, the team tries for a touchdown and not a home run and that the object is not to kick each other, as it may appear, but to kick a sort of oblong basket-ball, called a pigskin.

Even "Pick" the youngest can spell theater when I forget whether it is "er" or "re". (Either is correct I have found out lately.)

Now you think of your families! You all obtain help from them in some way or other don't you? Why of course you do.

But you can't take your family to college with you. Of course not! Who ever heard of such a thing!

Pauline Wagner '24

A Message to the Seniors

Seniors, what is the matter with some of us? Why is it that history reference books cannot be laid on the table in the Library without some one taking them and never returning them? If they happen to return the book, it is usually too late for the topic that we are most interested in. Don't take a book from the Library without SIGNING for it, and then be sure to return it as soon as you have finished reading it.

We have all heard that the previous classes that have graduated, have taken with them valuable reference books. Certain teachers had been very kind to those classes, loaning them their own valuable books, and what was the result? They were never returned to them. It is no wonder, therefore, that they have lost heart and refuse to let any more books out of their own rooms.

Come, let us co-operate and show P. H. S. that the classes of '24 can be trusted and let us leave just as many reference books in the school as there were before we started to use them.

Elizabeth S. Yeadon, '24

Our Banking

The City Savings Bank has recently opened a Savings Department in the Commercial and Central High Schools for the convenience of the students who wish to open Savings accounts. The bank is instructing any of the students who wish to learn the details of Savings Bank depositing in the methods of Savings Banks. Tables are being used for a while to carry on the work but in the near future a movable cage will be installed. The bookkeeping supplies used are similar in most respects to those used in Mutual Savings Banks of Massachusetts.

A temporary pass-book is given the depositors. When the balance is \$1 or more a transfer is made to a real bank book.

Interest is paid on all balances of \$1 or more.

An Etiquette Club

Students! Wouldn't you like to learn something more than the history of Caesar or the square of a binomial? An etiquette club would be just the thing! It would not only be very interesting, but also very useful. Just think of its advantages. When you go out into the world to earn your living, when you go among well educated people holding responsible positions or whatever walk of life you enter upon, you will be judged, in part, by your manners. Many are taught some etiquette at home but not all that is needed. In the books on etiquette the facts are many times not made clear and the many questions which are sure to arise in your mind are not answered. Don't you think an etiquette club would add to the value of your high school education?

Doris Kirby '24

A Plea For A New High School

For many years the byword of Pittsfield High has been "A new high school". These few little words have been so misused, that finally they have come to be nothing but a joke. When one first enters high school, the first thing one hears is that: "Next year at this time a new high school will be well on its way toward completion." Many classes before us have heard the same old story. However we are from Missouri and belong to the sceptic's society. We have to be shown!

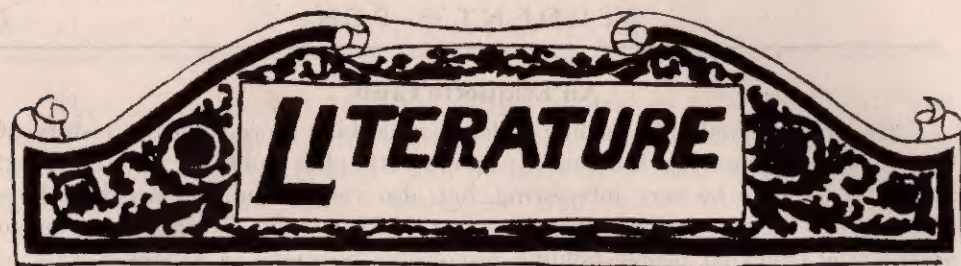
At the Rotary Minstrels a short time ago, someone sang a song entitled 'Bug House Fables'. One part of the song was as follows: "Mayor Power isn't going to fool, he's going to build a new high school, Bug House Fables, etc". That is about all their talking amounts to.

It is a shame and a disgrace that the people of Pittsfield should allow themselves to become so dormant over a matter that is of such vital importance to the younger generation! They have tagdays, community chests and subscription funds for everything else, but for us they can only talk. Is the younger generation of such minor importance in their estimation?

Do not the citizens of Pittsfield realize that a new school will have great weight on our scholastic standing? A congenial atmosphere has a great deal to do with the way in which pupils absorb learning. Our principal and teachers deserve great credit for what they have done for the students, considering the inadequate building they have to work in. Our pupils cannot do A1 work when they are as crowded as we are.

Citizens of Pittsfield, are you going to refuse to face this question any longer? The pupils of today or of the next few years will not derive any direct benefit from a new building, but they will rejoice in the fact that their younger brothers and sisters will.

Eva Rosenbaum '24



"Snowbound" Jr.

The bells jingled merrily as the sleigh glided over the hill making fresh tracks in the newly fallen snow. Youthful voices mingled with their joyful sound and rippled off into the silence of the night. The snug and enveloping blankets revealed six capped and turbaned heads and an elderly lady, apparently the chaperon of the party was hardly visible beneath the driver's seat. Now and then, little flurries of snow, caught up by a capricious wind, sifted among the blankets, followed by a girlish cry, "Shall we ever get home? For goodness sake, Jack, why did you ever propose this unearthly ride? If we're late for Ethel's dance, I'll never speak to you again."

"But, Ruth, I've told you we'll get there on time. Don't you suppose I know where we are?" a masculine voice replied although his tone was not quite as sure as his words implied.

"Well, I don't believe you do. We've been going for hours and its growing darker and colder and, and—oh I wish I were home." This last was uttered in a despairing wail.

The voice of the woman interrupted, "Come, we'll make the best of it. Richard, ask the driver if he knows where we are."

At that moment the man up on the high seat turned. "The wind has changed, Madam, and I'm afraid we're in for a blizzard. I don't think I know where we are either."

Although his words were almost drowned by the rising wind, enough of their import was caught by the occupants of the sleigh to cause a hapless cry from three feminine voices.

"Now see what you've brought us to."

"Oh dear, oh dear what shall we do?"

"I'm going to freeze to death. I know it, I know it."

"We will reach a stopping place soon," the chaperon advised. "Drive on."

Even while speaking, the snow had begun to fall, growing gradually thicker as the horses trudged on. The blankets were soon covered with a mass of soft whiteness.

The girls continued to make known their exasperation with various lamentations and apparently took great delight in asserting that they were about to become martyrs of masculine thick-headedness and stubbornness.

The driver was now having a hard time to follow the road in the blinding snow and finally he turned, saying there was a light ahead.

They decided to seek shelter until the storm had abated and on approaching

the light, shining mistily through the snowy curtain, they found themselves before a rambling, old farmhouse. In response to their hails, a door was opened and a man of jovial appearance, holding a lantern above his head, peered bewildered at them thru the storm.

The driver leaned over in his seat and shouted, "We've lost our way. Can we stop here till the storm lets up?"

"Sure. Come right in. Put the horses in the barn. Come here, Martha."

At his call a pleasant faced woman evidently his wife appeared in the light of the doorway.

"Visitors, Henry? Come right in, won't you?"

The blankets were cast aside and the three boys climbed out of the sleigh and then assisted the rest of the party who stiffly and painfully alighted. Shaking their garments and stamping their feet, they trooped into a large, comfortable living room, where a cheery fire blazed on the hearth. In a short time, they were all seated comfortably about the fire and sipping hot cocoa.

Suddenly, the door opened and a girl, followed by a flurry of snow burst into the room, slamming the door behind her. The guests looked up in surprise at this unexpected event, Dick whistling under his breath, "Whew, look what the wind blew in."

She did not immediately notice the group around the fire but started to take off her things saying, "Goodness, mother, what a storm! I almost lost my way just from the barn."

Then turning, she opened her dark brown eyes in surprise. In fact she was so bewitching when she did this that it caused another whistle from Dick. (From this moment, strange to say, Dick developed a habit of whistling).

"Come here, Judy, and meet these guests. They were lost in the storm and are going to spend the night with us," her mother said.

"How nice! I couldn't imagine a better Thanksgiving."

"Nor I," said the three boys in unison; then glared at each other suspiciously.

As the girls professed to be sleepy, soon after they all retired, while the blizzard raged around the house making the doors creak and the shutters rattle.

When they awoke in the morning the snow was still falling fast and the wind had made great drifts against the doors and windows.

"Where do you suppose all this snow ever came from," Elizabeth yawned as she peered out at the landscape. "We'll never get home today. And think of all the good times we are missing. Gladys' tea and Bob's dance!"

"I know it. It is hectic," Helen agreed. "And I had a darling new dress to wear tonight. Those boys make me tired anyway. If they wanted a sleighride so badly they should have taken us up and down Main Street instead of piloting us way out—well heaven knows where we are. We wouldn't have lost our way at any rate."

"Well, let's get up," Ruth suggested. "It won't do us any good to lie here all day complaining."

When they descended to breakfast they found that already everyone was there. They slid into the vacant chairs and soon were gaily talking as if there were nothing in the world to be sorry for.

"How do you like the cocoa, Helen?" Judy asked, her eyes twinkling merrily.

"Fine, why?"

"This is the cocoa that Jack built," Judy misquoted. "He really missed his calling. He ought to be a cook."

"I'm going to be bottle-washer just now," Jack answered, rising from the table. "Who is going to help me?"

"I will," Helen and Dick offered hesitatingly.

"All right. Dick and I will wash, and you dry, Helen." Then Jack turned with an expression of mock grief on his face when Judy broke out in delighted giggles.

"Never mind. I'll—" Jack mumbled as he balanced the platter of bacon on one hand.

While the young people were bustling around the house trying to help but succeeding only in getting in everyone's way Judy's mother and father, Mrs. Blakely, the chaperone, and Sam the driver discussed their situation. They finally agreed that it would be impossible to leave until the storm had stopped. Then Judy's father would accompany them to the trail. After this decision had been reached Mrs. Olliver began to prepare for the Thanksgiving dinner and soon savory odors issued forth from the kitchen to the young people who were assembled in the living room playing charades.

When Mr. Olliver came into the room shouting, "Five minutes for refreshments!" all ran laughingly to the dining room, forgetting their carefully trained manners in their eagerness to taste of the delicious looking dinner set before them. Indeed no one will ever forget that dinner who tasted that rich brown turkey, the red cranberry sauce, the mashed potatoes, the gravy, the boiled onions, and last but not least those wonderful pumpkin pies.

"I think I will begin to diet," Roy remarked gravely when all had eaten everything they could.

After an afternoon of games in which even Judy's father and mother, Mrs. Blakely and Sam joined in the fun, Mr. Olliver lighted a big fire on the hearth and they all sat around it, munching apples and telling stories. Oh what a fund of exciting tales Mr. Olliver told and what funny ones his wife related, even giggling herself in some places. Then all the girls and boys remembered incidents, jokes and stories which they had never considered important before, but which seemed must be told now.

"Do you know," Elizabeth confided to Ruth and Helen that night when they were tucked in bed, "I've never had such a good time in my life. I'd like to stay here for a long time."

"Hasn't it been fun? After all I'm glad we didn't just ride up and down Main Street," Helen said.

The next day the storm had stopped. Mrs. Blakely decided that they must go. So Sam drove around with the sleigh and after many "thank yous" and "wonderful times" and "see you agains" they drove off, the sleighbells inter-

mingling with laughter, coming back to Judy and her mother who were standing in the doorway.

"That was nice, wasn't it, Mother? We'll see them again when I go to the city to school next year."

Each girl sent up with her prayers that night a "thank you" and the boys—well Dick whistled and if you had watched Jack and Roy very carefully for the next few months, you would have seen them look up eagerly every time a door opened.

Mary Beebe '24

Pauline Wagner '24

"It Is Better To Give Than To Receive"

In the city of Ashmere there once lived a family by the name of Davenport. The Davenports were very rich and extremely popular. Mr. Davenport was the chief executive of the flourishing community and his wife was very successful as a social leader. Wanda, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, was a sweet, kind-hearted girl of seventeen who did everything in her power to bring cheer and happiness to those about her.

It was the night before Thanksgiving and Wanda had come in from taking the last basket of Thanksgiving goodies to a poor family who lived on the outskirts of the city, and who could not afford the Holiday luxuries. The girl's brilliant cheeks glowed with health and her wind-blown, chestnut brown hair curled around her well-featured face. Her eyes of somber brown twinkled like stars, and altogether she made a beautiful picture of young girlhood. She was somewhat tired from her walk but she went to her room and prepared for dinner. The bell rang so she gave a last touch to her wavy hair and ran lightly down the stairs and into the spacious dining room. Her mother and father were waiting for her and as she came in she threw a kiss to each of her parents.

"Hello," she cried, as she took her place at the table, "I have delivered the last basket of Thanksgiving dinners to our neighbors who are in need and, if you could have seen the thankfulness of those people, you would be willing to give up your own Thanksgiving dinner to make them happy. Oh, I do love to help them so! Mother, I must find some more clothing for the Hunt family. Edith's dress is nearly threadbare and Johnny's coat has been patched and mended for so long that it looks more like Joseph's coat of many colors."

"Wanda, you are a good girl to have taken all of those baskets to our neighbors but the chauffeur could have done it just as well."

"Why, Mother," answered Wanda, shaking her finger at her mother, "you know better. They would think that they were accepting charity from us if we sent our chauffeur around with a basket of food who stiffly handed it in through the door and said it was from the Davenports. Besides I'd much rather do it myself just to see the children jump with joy and to see a tired smile play around the lips of the mother. And the handshake of the father as he grips my hand

School Banking

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Our Method is to allow those who wish to learn the details of Bank depositing to act as tellers under our supervision doing the actual bank work as it is done in Mutual Savings Bank of Massachusetts.

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and thanks God that his wife and little ones will have a happy Thanksgiving brings back those words to me, 'Not what you have, but what you give'."

"I do not know what the village folk would do without you, dear," spoke her father for the first time. "Do you never tire of helping others?"

"No," answered the girl as if considering, "it is better to give than to receive."

"True," replied her father, "but I can't see what pleasure you obtain from it."

The three, arm in arm, now made their way to the cozy library. Mr. Davenport settled down in a huge armchair to read the evening paper and Mrs. Davenport devoted her time to a bit of embroidery work. Wanda curled herself up in a chair before the fireplace and proceeded to read a book. All was very still and the only sound was the crackling of the wood as it sometimes burst into a bright flame.

Just then the shrill sound of the door bell echoed through the house, and before the butler could announce who it was, a ragged little girl ran into the library where the family was gathered. She paused a moment in the doorway, then ran to Wanda and kneeled at her feet. As the light struck the girl's face, they noticed that she was pale and thin, and her dress (she wore no coat) was nothing more than a ragged covering. Her tiny hands were clenched tightly and the deep pain in her eyes clearly showed that she was in trouble.

"Oh, Miss Wanda, help me! Help me! Mother is—" but the sentence was not finished for she dropped to the floor in a dead faint.

Mrs. Davenport now took charge. "Wanda, you and your father go to the child's home and see if you can do anything. I will get the child to bed. She has a bad fever. Winthrop, (to her husband) will you call the doctor?"

After the minor duties had been attended to, Wanda and her father donned their outdoor garments and made their way in the car to a little brown house on the edge of the city. As they entered the house, the pitiful sight that met their eyes nearly sickened them. Four tiny, poorly-clad children crouched in a corner near a stove and tried to get a little warmth from the one stick of wood that was feebly burning. In another corner on a bed lay a wisp of a woman whose face was turned to the wall. Wanda and her father went over to her.

"Oh, Daddy," cried Wanda, deep pain in her eyes, "she is very ill. May we bring her home and nurse her back to health? It is far too cold here for her. Please, Daddy?"

The good father could not resist the girl's earnest pleading so he carried the little mother into the car, then came back into the sparsely furnished room.

"Wanda," said her father with sparkling eyes, "let's take the children too! We will give them a Thanksgiving they will never forget! Shall we?"

So they went back to the big house with the little brood, happiness in their hearts for they knew they were helping others. Wanda herself put the woman to bed, and then left her to the doctor's care. Mr. Davenport had valiantly cleaned every one of the children and was now giving them warm milk with bread and butter. After they had finished, she and her father tucked them into clean white sheets and turned the lights low.

As they came into the hall, they met the doctor.

"How is she, doctor?" questioned Mr. Davenport. "Will she come through all right?"

"Indeed she will!" replied the doctor. "She is just worn out and exhausted, but with your care she will come back to health, a better woman than she was before."

"And the little girl, how is she?"

"Just tired also! She will be fit as a fiddle tomorrow. Follow the directions I left upstairs and everything will be O. K."

I may add that the tiny family had never had a better Thanksgiving than the one they had the next day. The mother gradually grew strong and well and with the aid of Mr. Davenport and a few of his friends, was soon settled in a tiny cottage in the center of the city.

It was a month afterward when the family were again assembled in the cozy library. There had been a long silence which Mr. Davenport now interrupted.

"You were right, Wanda," said Mr. Davenport musingly. "It is better to give than to receive."

Mildred Rice '25, Com'l

Pittsfield Honors Prominent Citizens and Families by Naming Her School Buildings After Them

Charles B. Redfield

Charles B. Redfield came to Pittsfield from Albany in 1867. He purchased the house on South Street, opposite the Berkshire Medical College which had been built by Dr. Timothy Childs. Mr. Redfield served the cause of free education in Pittsfield when it was sorely in need of supporters so enlightened and diligent. Of the ten years of his life in this city he spent six of them as a member of the school committee.

Charles B. Redfield died in Pittsfield, September 29, 1876.

The Charles B. Redfield School

The Charles B. Redfield School on Elizabeth Street was built in 1896 and dedicated June 11, 1897. This school contains on the first floor four class rooms, on the second floor four class rooms, an office, a teachers' room and a recitation room. The Redfield School was built at a cost of \$40,000. With the development of the Senior High School this building will contain but six grades. The pupils will then be transferred to the Pomeroy Junior High.

The Charles B. Redfield School has a registration of about three hundred and fifty pupils and a teaching force of fourteen teachers.

George Nixon Briggs

George Nixon Briggs was born at South Adams, April 12, 1796. When he was seven years old the family moved to Manchester, Vt., and two years later to the village of White Creek, in Washington County, New York.

In 1813 he left home and commenced to study law in South Adams. In 1814 he removed to Lanesboro and three years later he was admitted to the bar. In 1826 Mr. Briggs was appointed chairman of the board of commissioners of highways for Berkshire County. In 1830 he was elected to congress and was successively re-elected until 1841. In 1841 he removed from Lanesboro to Pittsfield and in 1843 he was chosen governor of the commonwealth, which he held by annual re-election until 1850.

In 1851 Gov. Briggs resumed the practice of law but in 1853 he was appointed by Gov. Clifford, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which he held until that court was abolished in 1858.

Gov. Briggs was also a prominent man in town affairs holding several offices under the old town government. He died at his home on West Street on the fourth of September 1861, the opening year of the War of the Rebellion.

The George N. Briggs School

The George N. Briggs School, at the corner of West and South John Streets, named in honor of former Governor George N. Briggs whose mansion stands within a few rods of the school, was built in 1895 and 1896 but was not opened for school purposes until the fall of 1897.

This school contains six class rooms, three on each floor, also a principal's room and two small recitation rooms. The exterior of the building is of red brick, trimmed with light stone. The cost for building this school house was \$35,000.

The George N. Briggs Building is only an elementary school, containing but five grades. It has an enrollment of two hundred and fifty pupils and a teaching force of eight teachers.

Henry L. Dawes

Henry L. Dawes was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, October 13, 1816. Graduating from Yale College in 1839, he studied law at Greenfield, being admitted to the Hampshire County Bar in 1842.

Mr. Dawes practiced law in North Adams and beginning in 1848, he was sent to both branches of the legislature. From 1853 to 1857 he was district attorney for Western Massachusetts. In 1857 Mr. Dawes was elected to the House of Representatives where he represented his district until 1874. In 1876 he was chosen a senator of the United States and served in that capacity until 1893.

While serving in congress, Mr. Dawes' labors in behalf of the Indians won for him perhaps his greatest distinction. During his service of sixteen years as chairman of the senate's committee on Indian affairs, he procured the appropriation of nearly \$16,000,000 for the education of the Indians. In 1887, as a result of his efforts, the Dawes Bill was enacted, which provided a free and secure home-

stead farm for every Indian that would take it. Also the law carried with it the full rights of citizenship to those Indians who availed themselves of the offer.

Mr. Dawes removed to Pittsfield in 1864. He was as prominent in the affairs of the town and city as he was in the affairs of the nation at the Capitol City. He was also one of the original trustees of the Berkshire Athenaeum.

Hon. Henry L. Dawes died at his home on Elm Street February 5th, 1903.

The Henry L. Dawes School

The Henry L. Dawes School on Elm Street, named in honor of the Hon. Henry L. Dawes, was erected in 1907. When built, this school contained eight class rooms having a capacity for three hundred pupils. In 1914 an eight room addition was made giving the school a capacity for over six hundred.

In September 1920 a Junior High School course was established at the Dawes School. In June 1923 a large class received their diplomas on completing the three year course of the Junior High. These pupils entered the Senior High for a course of three years in September.

There are almost seven hundred pupils registered at the Dawes School. During the last semester several rooms were having four sessions daily. It is hoped that with opening of the new Hibbard School the situation of the Dawes School will be relieved. The Henry L. Dawes School also has a faculty of over twenty teachers.

William R. Plunkett

William R. Plunkett was born in North Chester, Massachusetts, April 23, 1831. His father Thomas F. Plunkett became a resident of Pittsfield in 1836. William R. Plunkett was educated at Andover Academy, Yale College and the Harvard Law School. He commenced the practice of law in Pittsfield in 1855.

Under the town and city governments Mr. Plunkett served faithfully on the various committees. He was one of those who worked for the improvement of the Park for the reception of the Soldiers' Monument in 1872. He was a trustee of the Berkshire Athenaeum from 1871 to the time of his death. Mr. Plunkett represented the town at the General Court and for four successive years, beginning in 1876, he was nominated by the Democrats of the Commonwealth for the office of lieutenant governor.

Mr. Plunkett was president of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, president of the Pontoosuc Woolen Manufacturing Company, and a director and Vice President of the Agricultural National Bank.

William R. Plunkett died December 7, 1903, at the age of seventy-two years.

The William R. Plunkett School

The William R. Plunkett School, at the corner of First and Fenn Streets, named by the city in honor of William R. Plunkett, was built in 1909 at a cost of \$80,000. This is a modern school building, containing sixteen large class rooms, eight on each floor, an office or principal's room and two recreation rooms for the teachers.

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School of Engineering



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EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school address:

CARL S. ELL, Dean, School of Engineering
Northeastern University Boston 17, Mass.

In September 1920 a Junior High course was also established at the Plunkett School and in June 1923 a large class were presented with their diplomas on completing their course.

The William R. Plunkett School has an enrollment of almost seven hundred pupils and a teaching force of twenty teachers.

William Francis Bartlett

The most distinguished citizen in Pittsfield in 1876 was William Francis Bartlett. He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, June 6, 1840, of an old New England family, his forefathers coming to this country before 1640.

When the Civil War broke out, William Francis Bartlett was in his Junior year at Harvard. On April 17, 1861, he responded to the first call of President Lincoln, for volunteers, enlisting in the Fourth Battalion, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. On July 10, 1861, he received the appointment of captain. During the war he was wounded four times and in 1864 he was captured and held in Libby prison. In 1865 William Francis Bartlett was commissioned a brigadier general of the volunteers and before his twenty-fifth birthday he was commissioned a major general by brevet.

In 1862 General Bartlett came to Pittsfield to drill the 49th Massachusetts, a Berkshire regiment, with which he served for several months as colonel. In 1865 he was married to Miss Mary Agnes Pomeroy, daughter of Robert Pomeroy of this city.

After the war, General Bartlett was a true friend of the South, during the reconstruction period. General Bartlett spoke, in 1874, at the Harvard commencement and in 1875 he was asked to participate in the observance of the centennial anniversary of the Battle at Lexington. There he spoke in the presence of President Grant and other leading men of the nation.

General Bartlett was a member of the original board of trustees of the Berkshire Athenaeum and of the committee which supervised the erection of the Soldiers' Monument.

General William Francis Bartlett died in Pittsfield—of a cruel disease which he caught at Libby—December 17, 1876, at the age of thirty-six. The City of Pittsfield in 1911 named one of its most beautiful school buildings in his honor.

William Francis Bartlett School

The William Francis Bartlett School was built on Onota Street in 1911 and was ready for occupancy in 1912. This is a modern school building containing twelve class rooms having a capacity for four hundred pupils. The Bartlett School was built at a cost of \$75,000.

The William Francis Bartlett School during the last school semester had a registration of over five hundred pupils, therefore making it necessary to have four sessions per day in several class rooms. The faculty of the school consists of about eighteen teachers.

The Crane Family

Zenas Crane, the pioneer paper manufacturer was born at Canton, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, May 9th, 1777. Learning the paper business in Worcester, Mr. Crane crossed the Berkshire Hills and selected Dalton for the site of the first paper mill west of the Connecticut River, in 1799. He took for his partner Henry Wiswill and they built in 1801 a mill known as the "Old Berkshire". In 1807 Mr. Crane sold his interest in the firm to his partner and from 1807 to 1810 he was engaged in a mercantile business. In 1810 he purchased interest in what was known as the "Old Red Mill" and in 1822 he became the sole proprietor. Zenas Crane in 1842 transferred his interest to his sons, Zenas Marshall Crane and James B. Crane.

Mr. Crane, beginning in 1811, was several times chosen as representative to the General Court. From 1836 to 1837 he was a member of the Executive Council under Gov. Edward Everett. Zenas Crane died September 29, 1845.

One of the old mills was destroyed by fire in 1870, and the Crane Brothers built a new mill of stone, on a much larger scale, known as the Pioneer Mill. In 1879 Crane and Company was awarded the contract by the United States government, for the making of paper for the national bank notes, bonds and treasury notes. The firm purchased in Coltsville, the brick mill built by Thomas Colt in 1863, now known as the Government Mill.

Zenas Marshall Crane, eldest son of Zenas Crane was born at Dalton, January 21, 1815 and died March 12, 1887. He received a business education and then learned the paper business in his father's mill, succeeding to a share of the business in 1842. Mr. Crane was elected to the state senate for one term in 1856. He was a member of the Executive Council under Gov. Andrews from 1862 to 1863. Mr. Crane gave to the City of Pittsfield, the beautiful building on South Street, known as the "Berkshire County Home for Aged Women". He married Caroline E. Lafin of Lee, August 29, 1839.

James B. Crane, second son of Zenas Crane, who succeeded to a share of his father's business, was born at Dalton, April 30, 1817 and died August 4, 1891. He married (first) Eliza Barlow and (second) Mary E. Goodrich. Mr. Crane left, when he died, \$15,000 to the Home for Aged Women, and \$10,000 to the House of Mercy.

Zenas Crane, eldest son of Zenas Marshall Crane, was born at Dalton December 6, 1840 and died December 17, 1917. In 1865 he rented and afterward purchased the Old Bay State Mill, located between the Pioneer and the Government Mill, where he manufactured fine stationery. In 1877 this mill was burned and a larger one was built, the firm being then known as Zenas Crane and Brother, Mr. Crane having taken into partnership his brother Winthrop Murray Crane. In 1887 this firm was known as the Z. & W. M. Crane Co. Zenas Crane was a member of the General Court and in 1885 served as a member of the Executive Council under Gov. Robinson. He has given two beautiful gifts to Pittsfield, the Museum of Natural History and Art on South Street and the Boys' Club on Melville Street.

Winthrop Murray Crane, son of Zenas Marshall Crane was born at Dalton April 23, 1852. He attended the public schools of that town and the academies of Wilbraham and Easthampton. After completing his education he entered his father's mills, where he learned the paper business. Mr. Crane was elected lieutenant governor of the Commonwealth in 1897, an office which he held by annual re-election, until 1899 when he was elected governor, until 1901. In 1904 Mr. Crane was elected by the legislative or General Court to the United States senate to fill the term of Senator Hoar which expired in 1907. In 1907 he was elected senator for the full six years term from 1907 to 1913 and in 1913 was re-elected for a third term expiring in 1919. Hon. Winthrop Murray Crane died at his Dalton home October 2, 1921.

The Crane School

The Crane School on Dartmouth Street, named in honor of the Crane family of Dalton, was opened in 1913. This is a handsome school building containing sixteen large class rooms. It also contains a principal's room, a teachers' room and two rooms for school supplies. The cost of building this school was over \$100,000.

A Junior High course was introduced at the Crane Building in September 1921, making it a Junior High center for the Morningside section of the city. The Crane School has an enrollment of five hundred pupils and a faculty of nineteen teachers.

The Pomeroy Family

The family from which was descended the Pittsfield Pomeroy, claim descent from Sir Ralph de Pomeroy, a knight of William the Conqueror. The Pomeroy family came to New England from "Old England" about 1630, settling near Boston.

Lemuel Pomeroy was born at Southampton August 18, 1778 and died in Pittsfield August 25, 1849. He learned the trade of a smith and came to Pittsfield in 1799. He bought the house on East Street, erected by Captain John Strong for a tavern, and built in the rear what was known as the "Old Musket Shop" in 1805. In 1808 he bought the forge that had been built by James Mills on the present site of the Taconic Mills, where he manufactured about two thousand muskets a year. From 1816 to 1846 Lemuel Pomeroy received the contract from the United States government for the making of its muskets. In 1823 a brick shop was built. Mr. Pomeroy did not manufacture any more firearms after 1846, the United States government having erected an arsenal at Springfield.

He bought in 1826 the United States cantonment grounds of twenty acres. He removed the barracks and erected three brick buildings for a seminary for young men. The seminary was incorporated in 1829 under the name of the Berkshire Gymnasium. In 1836 the buildings were occupied by the famous Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute. These buildings are now a part of the Maplewood Hotel. In 1817, Mr. Pomeroy learned the woolen business, going

into partnership with Josiah Pomeroy, a distant kinsman of his. They bought land on the west bank of the Housatonic River when they built their mill. In 1827 Lemuel Pomeroy bought out the interest of Josiah Pomeroy and took into the firm his sons, Theodore, Robert, and Edward. The firm was called Lemuel Pomeroy and Sons. The Pomeroy Brothers built in 1852 a larger mill.

Theodore Pomeroy, eldest son of Lemuel Pomeroy, was born in Pittsfield September 2, 1813 and died September 24, 1881. He attended the public schools of the town and the Berkshire Gymnasium. He then entered the woolen business, assuming general management of the mills after the death of his father. His brothers Robert and Edward sold him their interest in the firm, Theodore becoming the sole owner of the Pomeroy Mills. Mr. Pomeroy was very prominent in town affairs. He was a stockholder and director of the Pittsfield Bank and a director of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company.

Theodore Pomeroy left his mill property to be managed by a board of trustees until his son should come of age. After a few years the company failed and in 1898 the mills were rented and afterward purchased by Hellewill and Company, manufacturer of broadcloth. In 1912 this firm sold out to the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company. The former Pomeroy Mills are now known as Factory No. 3 of the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company.

Robert Pomeroy, another son of Lemuel Pomeroy, was born in Pittsfield June 30, 1817 and died December 12, 1889. He married May C. Jenkins. They had several children. Miss Mary Agnes Pomeroy, a daughter, married Gen. William Francis Bartlett. Mr. Pomeroy engaged his capital in the Taconic and Bel Air Mills.

The Pomeroy School

The Pomeroy School on West Housatonic Street, named in honor of the Pittsfield Pomeroy, was completed in 1915 at a cost of about \$130,000. This building, one of Pittsfield's most beautiful and modern schools, contains sixteen class rooms, eight on each floor, an office or principal's room, a teachers' room, which is now used for a kindergarten, and a library or book room, which is used for a recitation room.

A Junior High School course was established at the Pomeroy building in September 1920, making the Pomeroy School a Junior High center for the south west section of the city. The Junior High department has eight rooms on the second floor. It is considered one of the best Junior High Schools in the city. A class of thirty-three pupils graduated from the Pomeroy Junior High, June 28, 1923. The graduation exercises were held in the corridor on the second floor. Two French plays and an English play were given by the graduates. The diplomas were presented by Mr. Fred T. McClatchy a member of the school committee.

In February 1922, owing to the large number of pupils entering the high school, a branch high school was installed at the Pomeroy Building. During the first semester there were almost two hundred pupils registered at the Pomeroy High. They had three class rooms and a recitation room on the second floor

of the building. In September 1922 the pupils taking the business course were transferred to the High School of Commerce and in February 1923 the remainder of the pupils of the Pomeroy High School, with the exception of five or six, were transferred to the Central High School or High School of Commerce. The Pomeroy School has a registration of five hundred pupils and a faculty of twenty teachers.

Charles E. Hibbard

Charles E. Hibbard, first mayor of Pittsfield, was born at Farmington, Maine, March 15, 1844. He attended Andover Academy and Amherst College, graduating from the latter in 1867. He studied law at Woodstock, Vt., and was admitted to the bar in 1869.

Mr. Hibbard practiced law in Lee, removing to that town in 1881. In 1887 he removed to Pittsfield where he practiced his profession until his death. In 1891 he was elected mayor of Pittsfield on the democratic ticket. He was also district attorney for western Massachusetts for several years. He was one of the principal speakers at the one-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Town of Pittsfield in 1911. He was president of the Berkshire Loan and Trust Company.

Charles E. Hibbard died August 11, 1922, at the age of seventy-eight years.

The Christmas Store

Just the jolliest, most inspirational, most satisfying place to do your Christmas Shopping is what we have tried to make this Store. We want to become famous as champions of the old-fashioned Christmas spirit. We believe that you will find our sales people courteous even when most pressed by holiday shoppers, that our displays will prove suggestive in helping you to solve your gift problems and that prices are so genuine as not to take any of the joy out of giving. Shop at The Wallace Co. and you will choose successfully.



Water Lilies

So white, so sweet, so pure
The water lilies are;
They seem to hold a lure,
For all, both near and far.

The lily pads so round,
Upon the surface lay.
And then without a sound,
The petals fold away.

At dawn they lift their heads,
And spread their fragrance sweet.
At noon the lily beds
No longer do you greet.

The buds are closed again,
The petals fold away,
A day we wait; and then—
They herald coming day.

Frances Rawson, Com'l

He was a great, big, fat, white turkey,
And as he strutted by,
I thought of my turkey dinner,
Of him, and of pumpkin pie.

It seemed a shame to kill him,
He looked so proud and hale:
But then, there were other turkeys,
If alive, could tell a tale.

They had strutted just as proudly,
They had feathers just as white,
But no other earthly being
Could suit man's appetite.

So I'm afraid, oh worthy turkey,
That your fate will be the same,
For though you class as a barnyard pet—
We've got to regard you as game.

P. W. E. W. '24

Romeo and Juliet

1.

In Verona quite some years ago,
There lived a maid named Juliet.
No fairer could the city boast,
Than she whose name was Capulet.

2.

But enemies they chanced to be
Of the house—Montague by name,
Whose worthy son was Romeo,
A gallant youth of deeds and fame.

3.

And so it was that Juliet,
Would have to wed another lad,
Whom she despised with all her heart.
Nor ate, nor slept—she was so sad.

4.

For Romeo her love was great,
He loved her deeply in return,
And when at last she longed for aid,
To Friar Laurence did she turn.

5.

But Romeo that stalwart youth
Was quickly banished from the land,
For news had reached his father's ears,
To whom he gave his heart and hand.

6.

But Friar Laurence gave her peace,
And said, "Do not despair,"
And thus he offered condolence,
To Juliet, the maid so fair.

7.

For many days the friar sought
To help fair Juliet in her plight,
And through dark and dreary hours of pain,
Finally found the way to light.

8.

A potion would he mix the maid
And sleep she'd find for forty hours,
So deep—that bridegroom and all friends,
Would think her gone from earthly powers.

9.

And so the eve before she wed,
Juliet the potion drank,
And morning found a bier raised;
Around her, flowers formed a bank.

10.

Into a vault the maid was placed,
And friends into deep mourning went,
For Juliet fair of the fair
Her seemingly short life had spent.

11.

And Romeo in distant land,
Heard that Juliet was dead,
And traveled all the long night through,
Filled with remorse, and filled with dread.

12.

So to her vault he made his way,
And therein found the maiden fair,
As beautiful in death as life—
And tenderly he kissed her hair.

13.

Then drawing forth a harmful drug,
For he believed fair Juliet dead,
He drank its contents to the full,
"My love, I die," he softly said.

14.

Soon fair Juliet awoke,
And found her lover lying dead,
She grabbed a dagger from the bier,
"Farewell, my love," she sadly said.

15.

'Twas thus the friar found them there,
Side by side the next fair morn,
For he has come some hours too late,
To save the maiden so forlorn.

16.

And so this was the tragic end,
Of one of Shakespeare's—due to live,
In all the hearts of those who seek
The romance that his fiction gives.

Ruth Bradley, '25, Com'l.

Northeastern University

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"Pasteur"

"Pasteur" is a play in five acts, written by Sacha Guitry, and translated by Irving H. Brown. This play sets forth the period of Louis Pasteur's life between 1870 and 1892. During this time he presented the proofs of many of his theories, only to have them doubted and termed incorrect and useless by contemporaries of that period. After long years of worry, study, and experimenting he set forth to the world a collection of his scientific experiments which have proven so great that he ranks among the most prominent scientists of the world.

This play has a profound effect upon the reader, for it causes him to recall conditions of the past and compare them with conditions of today. He can only slightly understand the wonderful value of such a genius; and he can scarcely realize to what heights social conditions have risen, thru Louis Pasteur's investigations.

Louis Pasteur himself is the hero of the play. He is indeed a singular man. He is one of a type we are unfamiliar with, one of those rare men who have to be constantly working. When investigating a theory he pauses only to eat and sleep. After completing a theory he rests only while he is looking for new scientific matter to experiment with.

Louis Pasteur figures in two events of historical value. One time a little boy was brought to him, who was seriously infected with the then unknown disease "hydrophobia". This occurred, however, just after Pasteur had finished his satisfactory research work on the dreadful "hydrophobia". After using the cure invented by Pasteur the little boy regained his health and years later became a devoted correspondent with the scientist. The most dramatic event of Pasteur's life occurred at a meeting to celebrate his 70th birthday on December 27, 1892 when he was presented with many medals of honor from great men of Europe. The President of the French Republic paid honor to him at this time, and all of France was proud of such a man.

All obstacles encountered in the play are swept aside by Pasteur himself. He is a profound believer in the truth and is a man gifted with a supernatural sense of forethought.

Kyle Forrest '24

"R. U. R."

"R. U. R" which stands for "Rossum's Universal Robots" was written by Karel Capek (a Czechoslovakian, who was born in Northern Bohemia in 1890) and translated into English by Paul Silver. It is classed as a fantastic melodrama.

It was written to show what would happen if man were able to manufacture a machine in the form of a human being that could do all kinds of work and he himself had nothing to do but live the life of an aristocratic gentleman. It is a play that proves to the reader that people of all kinds must have some definite purpose in this world and must not spend their whole life at play.

The place where the play takes place is an island. The time is in the future between the years of 1932 and 1950.

The hero of the play is Harry Domin, the general manager of "R. U. R." His only desire in life is to make money and turn out as many Robots as he possible can in order that people may become great masters over these Robots which are human machines bought to do their work.

The heroine of the play is Helena Glory, the daughter of the president of this great concern. She becomes the wife of Harry Domin. Her whole life is spent in trying to help these poor creatures who look and act exactly like human beings but who are without souls. It is she who tries to make her husband see his great wrong in making them.

Helen Beattie '24

"The Timber" by Harold Titus

In Mr. Titus' book, "The Timber", the purpose is clearly visible. Conservation of our forests and especially of the White Pines of Michigan rings from almost every page. The theme of the story weaves itself about Helen Foracker and the Foracker Folly. During Mr. Foracker's life previous to the time of the story he had patiently and persistently planted acres upon acres of land with young trees, raising many from seed. He felt that in a few years the country would be without forests, and he thoroughly believed that by starting at once, the new trees would be ready when the crisis should come. The people all around called him foolish and many other names which showed how utterly stupid they thought he was. After his death, his one child, although only a girl, strove very earnestly to go on with her father's plans. Difficulty after difficulty rose before her path. The story tells how her enemies get into politics and all but ruin her, so that she is almost forced to give in when the long needed assistance comes in the form of a millionaire's son. The forest fires, the sudden, terrible jump of taxes and all the underhanded mysteries are exposed as the works of the sly, clever men of the town who receive their just and well-earned punishment.

If anyone likes a book that simply compels you to rush from one chapter to the next and on to the very last page this one by Harold Titus will satisfy all your desires.

Agnes Wentworth '25

"Across Mongolian Plains" by Roy Chapman Andrews

The Mongolian plains present a most remarkable intersection of Middle Ages and Twentieth Century with its motor cars and camel caravans following the same age worn path. The plains themselves are fine places for hunting, where deer give chase of sometimes miles before yielding. In the jagged mountains north of these plains the forests abound in many varieties of beast and bird. Exciting hunting experiences and others as visitor of the royalty Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews relates in his book "Across Mongolian Plains".

D. H. Robertelle Fisher, Com'l

"The Little Minister" by J. M. Barrie

The story takes place in a little village called Thrums, in Scotland, where Gavin Dishart is a minister. He and his mother have just come here and it is his first position.

An Egyptian girl warned the villagers that the soldiers were going to attack the village, but, because they disliked her, they would not believe her. The soldiers did make an attack and many people were taken captive.

The Egyptian girl, whose name was Babbie, fell in love with the little minister, but as you know, it was not his duty to love her because he would lose his position. After having some trouble, he began to love her. She was kidnapped and then when Gavin—

Well, you had better read the book and find out what happened to them.

Eva Knight, Com'l

"Captain Blood" by Rafael Sabatino

"Captain Blood" is a rip-roaring, pirate story of the seventeenth century.

Peter Blood, English doctor, French soldier, the hero of the story, through no fault of his own, is condemned to death by an unscrupulous English judge, only to be saved from this fate under the condition of becoming a slave on a West Indian plantation. Of his wild night escape, his seizure of the Spanish fleet, his far-famed exploits as one of the "Brethren of the Coast", you cannot read without admiration. He is a hero of sterling qualities, in spite of his enforced buccaneering when exiled by fate from his native land.

There is a hint of romance, and a happy ending.

There are grim scenes, too: traitors hung from the yardarm and prisoners dying, lashed to the cannon's mouth.

Francis Kennedy, Com'l

Lots of men would leave their footprints
Time's eternal sands to grace,
Had they gotten mother's slipper
At the proper time and place.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES



Mass Meeting Friday November 2, 1923

I like Mass Meetings, don't you? It was great fun, wasn't it, to meet and hear the speeches of our fellow pupils and our honored teachers? They don't scold us as much as they used to, do they? No sir! We are showing some fine school spirit now. No one can say that Pittsfield High School is not behind the team any more.

Charles Baker was our first speaker. He compared us very effectively to the Drury band. Everyone, he said admires the leader but what could she do without the band? Likewise, everyone admires our team but how could they get along without us?

A new member of the faculty, Mr. Rudman, gave us a thought in a very clear and definite way. He said that not the football team of Pittsfield High was going to defeat Drury but Pittsfield High School itself.

Louis Plass and Stanton McCory from Commercial assured us that that section of Pittsfield High was with us to the end, and Mr. Ford, their principal, talked to us on the football player's point of view.

Coach Carmody delivered a speech which, like all others he had given us, was inspiring and convincing.

Herb Wollison startled us from our contemplations of our Coach's talk with the words, "The Lord said unto Moses 'Come forth'". Herb was not teaching us a Bible lesson. He was merely telling us to come forth to the game Saturday. He said we should, "because we lived on the earth. The world moves from east to west. If we don't want to do what we are supposed to do get on the moon. It goes the other way!"

After Neil Bridges had urged the boys to come and cheer at the game, he and Bob Volk started the cheering which reigned (rained) loud and clear 'til the bell summoned us to our lessons.

Al Williams is to be congratulated for obtaining such interesting speakers.

Home Room Organization

Mr. Strout has introduced a new plan which, provided the students get behind it, will be pleasant and well worth while. As it is so difficult to have the whole student body assemble in the auditorium we will hold our entertainments in our home rooms. As a result the pupils will become better acquainted with each other and with their teachers. On Thursday, November first, the first period was divided so that we might elect our officers, committees and delegates. These are the results:

Room one—President, Robert Hayes; vice-president, Eugene LaFortune; secretary-treasurer, Lawrence Polly; students' council representative, Dorothy Grum, Franklin Learned; program committee, Max Levené, Robert Hayes, Clara Musgrove, Bernaclette Gilbert.

Room three—President, Robert Seaver; vice-president, Margaret Smith; secretary-treasurer, Edgar Hubbel.

Room four—President, H. Nilan; vice-president, C. Jordan; secretary, B. Hallock; treasurer, K. Melin; program committee, K. Hicks, I. Hunt, P. Kutipuff; room committee, J. Millette, D. Murphy, M. Nindy, students' council representatives, H. Houser, G. Kennidy.

Room five—President, Francis Campion; vice-presidents, Avis Drake and Stanley Buckler; secretary-treasurer, Edward Connally; program committee, Miss Cullen, Miss Gould, Canfield Dickie.

Room six—President, William Whalen; vice-president, Edward Stickles; secretary-treasurer, Geraldine Robarge; program committee, Cathleen Roscoe, Mary O'Donald, James Maloy, Gertrude Simonsin, Clarence Trudell, Mary Walch.

Room nine—President, Helen Patten; vice-president, Gladys Whittlesey; secretary-treasurer, Aris Salo; students' council representatives, Mary Ryan, Charles Campbell.

Room 11—President, Norman Hollister; vice-president, Charles Edwards; secretary-treasurer, Herbert Heany; students' council representatives, Charles Edwards, Janet Macbeth; program committee, Francis McMahon, Edward Condron, Donald Curtis, Phylis Martin, Isabel Loveless.

Room 12—President, Leonard Willis; vice-president, William Lanou; secretary-treasurer, Leslie Lovridge; students' council representatives, Mildred McLaughlin, David Dannybuski; program committee, Elizabeth Bradley, Emma Paro, John Dormer, Arthur Lind.

Room 13—President, Herbert Wollison; vice-president, Thomas Rielly; secretary, Fayette Controy; treasurer, Edward Rielly; students' council representatives, Willard Maloney, Dorothy Moran; program committee, Evelyn White, Dorothy Rhodes, Donald Steinway, Lloyd Williams; room committee, Evelyn Anderson, Raymond Nelligan, Herbert O'Laughlin; room inspection committee, Rogers, Francis Sheridan.

Room 14—President, John Gamwell; vice-president, Charles Baker; secretary-treasurer, Bernice Jordan; students' council representatives, Isador Green, Mable Knight; program committee, Ruth Gordan, Helene Lummus, James McSweeney; desk inspector, Gladys Briggs; Students' Pen representative, George Kelly.

Room 16—President, Sherman Beers; vice-president, Mary Beebe; secretary-treasurer, Albert Williams; program committee, Elizabeth White, Charles Van Buskirk, Robert Acly; students' council representatives, Pauline Wagner, Joseph Blouin.

Room 17—President, William Gorman; vice-president, Margaret Tompkins; secretary-treasurer, Margaret Henry; students' council, James McIntosh, Lila Burns; program committee, Elizabeth Marsh, Alice Colombia, Dominick Russetta, John Gannon.

Room 19—President, Willard Shepardson; vice-president, Raymond Pilon; secretary, Ione Howard; treasurer, Mary Roberts; student's council representatives, Carmen Massimiano, Amelia Nagelschmidt; program committee, Carmen Massimiano, Frank Combs, Mary Varcoe.

Room 20—President, Eva Yates; vice-president, Beatrice Thowing; secretary, Rena Lauden; treasurer, Gladys Read; students' council representatives, Hazel Parker, Doris Bose; program committee, Frances Doran, Edna Hill, Dorothy Katzwig.

Commercial Section

Room 1—President, F. Drinon; vice-president, R. Fentner; secretary-treasurer, A. Bergeron; students' council, I. Fadding; Student's Pen, P. Bailey; sunshine committee, R. Lutz, D. Scanlon, I. Hinckley; banking committee, P. Savage, F. Korobchuck, O. Bonin.

Room 2—President, G. Kearner; vice-president, M. Ray; secretary-treasurer, D. Aspinwall; students' council, M. Read, S. LaRouch; program committee, E. Campbell, M. Kearney, M. Chown; room and book committee, L. Lucier, M. Marshall, F. Sagarin.

Room 3—President, G. Goodrich; vice-president, E. Connelly; secretary-treasurer, A. Feil; students' council, J. Hickey, D. Leidhold; program committee, G. Leidhold, C. Brooks, Harold Dellert.

Room 4—President, N. Sackett; vice-president, K. Goodrich; secretary-treasurer, S. Robinson; students' council, Willis Wilbrant, W. Briggs, M. Rice, Madeline Lundberg; program committee, O. Anderson, M. O'Brien, M. Odett, F. Pisiewski, S. Travers; room and book committee, M. Broderick, L. O'Neil; executive committee, N. Sackett, M. Rice, S. Robinson, K. Goodrich, W. Briggs.

Room 5—President, C. Decelles, vice-president, H. Knox; secretary-treasurer, H. McGovern; students' council, E. Scaffo; program committee, C. Decelles, L. Rome, C. Tone, D. Dunham; room and book committee, D. Dunham, M. Allen, M. Early, E. Scaffo, W. Bouchane; Student's Pen, J. Tagliaferro; sunshine committee, C. Decelles, E. Johnson, L. Bishop; executive committee, C. Decelles, H. Knox, H. McGovern, E. Scaffo; banking committee, A. Smith, M. Thereault, F. Marchiso.

Room 6—President, L. Plass; vice-president, E. Thomas; secretary-treasurer, W. Sears; students' council, R. Bradway, S. McCroary; program committee, C. Green, E. Archambeau, M. Karner.

Room 7—President, F. Hickey; vice-president, D. Wilkinson; secretary-treasurer, I. Lanois; students' council, B. Mackie, F. Hickey; program committee, G. Noble, M. Baranzelli, G. Bramley.

Room 8—President, T. Killian; vice-president, J. Donahue; secretary-treasurer, M. Dansereau; students council, M. Dwyer, G. Mercier; program committee, J. Archambeau, A. Quirk, E. Rogers, M. Bradway, D. Baker; Student's Pen, C. Cross, M. Pleuffe.

We have to have the "Pen" filled with the interesting doings of each home room. The first of the entertainments will take place during education week.

Who's Who at P. H. S.

Classes

Senior A—Pres., James McSweeney; Vice-Pres., Helen Beattie; Sec., James Conroy; Treas., Elizabeth White; Executive Com., Pauline Wagner; Class Adv., Miss Pfeiffer.

Senior B—Pres., Donald Steinway; Vice-Pres., Dorothy Moran; Sec., Mable Knight; Treas., Bernice Jordan; Class Adv., Mr. Lucey.

Junior A—Pres., F. Gramwell, Vice-Pres., Jacoby; Sec., Mildred McLaughlin; Treas., Janet Macbeth; Class Adv., Mr. Keaney.

Junior B—Pres., James Maloney; Vice-Pres., Norman Hollister; Sec., Lois Young; Treas., Charles Campbell; Class Adv., Miss Morse.

Clubs

Students Pen Club, Mr. Hayes; Public Speaking, Miss Waite; Current Events, Mr. Brierly; Radio, Mr. Keaney; Handwork, Miss Lanou; Orchestra, Mr. Smith, C. M. T. C., Mr. Bulger.

Football Captain—Winthrop Gregory. Football Manager—Herb Wollison. Cheer Leaders—Bob Volk and Neill Bridges.

Educational Week

During the week of November 18, 1923, we will celebrate for the third year Educational Week. To those who have never heard of it, this does not necessarily mean that all pupils study long and diligently at this time, although this might well be included. It means that all over the state the schools and everyone interested in the schools, seriously think about their educational system. Parents visit their son's and daughter's classes and meet and talk with their teachers. From all over the state teachers meet and discuss ways and means of teaching. This week is beneficial to all who hold any interest in it or who partake in any of its activities.

The "Eagle" has started, in connection with this week, a contest. Everyone competing must write an essay of not more than five hundred words on some phase of education. Students take part in this! Here's a chance to earn a little money as well as fame!

Drury vs. Pittsfield

A regular snake dance—that parade after the game! From Wahconah Park, up North Street to Eagle Street, down Eagle to the High School, and from there to the Park we ran, skipped and danced, cheering and singing all the way. At the head of this joyful crowd marched the Drury band. They were surely good sports to play for us and we all appreciated it a great deal. After arriving at the Park we saw Drury to their cars and then cheered for every member of the team, our principal, our coach, our cheer leaders, our manager, the Drury Band and our School. After yelling ourselves hoarse we left the Park, everyone wildly elated at having defeated our old rival Drury.

Thanks again, Drury, for your band!

Hallowe'en

Pittsfield is not so dead after all, is it people? Last Hallowe'en showed we had some pep! Dandy parade! That line of bright lights and colors all the way up and down North Street, and the store windows all decorated in every clever and original way. And what a fine way to get warm—block dance! Did you sing with the crowd at the park? Yes, I saw and heard you. It was fun to get together and make a more or less tuneful noise. Next year we want to have several floats of our own. Remember!

Rotary Band

Several of the students were excused from lessons on Thursday, November 1 (lucky!). The Rotarians were having a Minstrel Show and needed our boys to play in their parade. The band also played outside the Colonial both Thursday and Friday nights drawing the crowd to see "The Great Show".

Three Words

There are three words, the sweetest words
In all of human speech—
More sweet than are all songs of birds,
Or pages, poets preach;

This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing—
Three words, and trouble disappears,
And birds begin to sing;

Three words, and all the roses bloom,
The sun begins to shine,
Three words will dissipate the gloom,
And water'll turn to wine;

Three words will cheer the saddest days—
"I love you?" Wrong, by heck!
It is another little phrase:
"Enclosed find check".

Gladys Mercier, Com'l

Alumni

The Alumni extend their deepest sympathy to the family of Marion E. Waite who died October twenty-first. Miss Waite was a graduate of Pittsfield High School in the class of 1915 and of North Adams Normal School, class of 1917.

Clare Noble '23 has entered Syracuse University.

Margaret Murphy '23 is attending the Elms in Chicopee.

Ernest Cerie and Edward Ryan are employed at the General Electric Co.

Chester Lanoue '23 is working for the Pittsfield Electric Co.

Sydney Clug '23 is employed at the Eaton, Crane and Pike plant.

George O'Brien, former Pittsfield High School athlete, is playing right guard on the Suffield School football team.

The classes of nineteen hundred and fourteen and nineteen hundred and fifteen are well represented on the faculty of Pittsfield High School: Mr. St. James and Miss Flynn of the class of 1914 and Miss Farrell and Miss Hesse of the class of 1915.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Goewey are spending several months in California. Mrs. Goewey was formerly Evelyn McMahon, P. H. S. '14. Mr. Goewey who was prominent in school athletics, was a member of the class of 1915.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Scott are leaving soon to make their home in California. Mrs. Scott was formerly Mary McCubbin, P. H. S. '14. Mr. Scott is assistant cashier in the Agricultural National Bank.

May Haskins, P. H. S. '15 is teacher of Spanish and Italian in the University Extension Course at the State House, Boston.

Myron Marvin, prominent athlete of the class of 1915, is engaged, with his brother in business in Brazil. Mr. Marvin's brother is reputed to be the richest man in South America.

Earl Stetson and Theodore Kallman are enrolled at Boston University.

Leavitt Wood is with the First Signal Company, Camp Alfred Vale, N. J.

Morton White is employed at the Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Frances Farrell '24

The Pocket Dictionary As An Asset

What an invaluable treasure that little pocket dictionary is! It is worth its weight in gold, especially to the person engaged in business. The stenographer could not be without it. The business man is often at a loss for a word, which he can find in a moment if he possesses one of these. It is what the make-up box is to the actor, the needle and thread to the seamstress. It is not only necessary for the spelling of words but also for the pronunciation and division into syllables. No other article of such small size is so useful in the business world.

Ruth E. Bradway, Com'l



Exchange Department

Since our last issue we have received some excellent school papers. These include some from far as well as near.

Among those more remote we wish to acknowledge "The Central Outlook", St. Joseph, Missouri; "The Sheaf", University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; "The Papyrus", Greenville, Illinois; "N. H. S. News", Northwood, Iowa; "The 'E' Weekly", Chicago, Illinois; Creighton Prep, Omaha, Nebraska.

In looking over our exchanges from more neighboring parts we find:

The Herald—Holyoke, Mass.

The Review—Lowell, Mass.

Students Review—Northampton, Mass.

The High School Herald—Westfield, Mass.

The Exponent—Greenfield, Mass.

The Willistonian—Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass.

The Johannean—Mountain Lakes, New Jersey

The Vermont Cynic—Burlington, Vt.

Boston U. News—Boston, Mass.

The Central Recorder—Springfield, Mass.

The Williams Record—Williamstown, Mass.

Rensselaer Polytechnic—Troy, N. Y.

Tech News—Worcester, Mass.

The Racquet—Portland High, Portland Maine

The "Sabre"—Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va.

The Blue and Gold—Malden, Mass.

The Argus—Waterbury, Conn.

The Owl—Hudson, N. Y.

The Lancastrian—Lancaster, N. H.

The Garnet and White—West Chester, Pa.

The Shucis—Schenectady, N. Y.

The Hyde Park Weekly—Chicago, Illinois

Through Our Eyes

The Lancastrian, Lancaster, N. H.—A very complete paper, although you might increase a bit in your Literary Department. Otherwise you have covered your departments very thoroughly. Your cuts are especially clever.

Review, Lowell, Mass.—A very orderly paper and one of the best we receive.

The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.—We thought the September issue a very fine literary paper. But why not enlarge upon some of the other departments?

Central Outlook, St. Joseph, Missouri—We are always glad to receive your paper. It is always so full of school news.

Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.—“Revenge is Sweet”, a fine bit of original humor is portrayed in this story. Your literary department is exceptionally good this time. Please tell us more about your Lunch Period plan as we are interested in improving ours. It is evident that your jokes are among the best.

Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.—A question—Why hide your jokes? They're all right.

A suggestion—Bring them to light and don't try to squeeze them in as small space as possible.

Through the Eyes of Others

Student's Pen: The literary department proclaims the cooperation of the students, a well worked out magazine.

—*Drury Academe*.

In the contest held by the editors of the “*Racquet*”, Portland, Maine, we “*The Student's Pen*”, are included in their list of the five best magazines from over the whole country.

Student's Pen: You have a very fine paper, one of the best on our exchange list. Your poetry is very good and also “*Ye Poll Parrot*” is especially good. But I would like to criticize your Exchange Department. Wouldn't it be better to arrange your Exchanges in a list rather than in a paragraph? Also why not comment more on your exchanges?

—*Lancastrian*

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ATHLETICS

“Johnny” Farrell

He was a boy with thoughts for others, and a boy too young to die. His sense of honor and duty were ever present. While in our midst he took part in baseball and basketball, and here again he showed his type of character, ever playing the game on the side of justice and right. We are sorry for his parents who have lost a dear son, and we would like to console them by saying that God has willed it so.

Berkshire County High School Football League Standing

Teams	Won	Lost	Pct.
Pittsfield	3	0	1.000
St. Joseph (Pittsfield)	2	1	.666
Adams	1	2	.333
Dalton	1	2	.333
Williamstown	1	4	.200

Pittsfield High's Scorers

Player	Touchdowns	Points after touchdown	Total
Bastow (full-back)	6	10	46
Coombs (half-back)	2	1	13
Garrity (end and half-back)	3	1	19
Dannybuski (quarter)	2		12
Flynn (end)	1		6
Learned (tackle)	1		6
Britt (half-back)	1		6
Heister (half-back)	1		6
Total	17	12	114

Scoring of Pittsfield and Opponents

Pittsfield	7	Kent	27
Pittsfield	33	Lee	0
Pittsfield	26	Dalton	0
Pittsfield	21	Adams	7
Pittsfield	7	Drury	0
Pittsfield	20	Williamstown	6
Total	114		40

Pittsfield 21—Adams 7

Pittsfield High defeated Adams High at Adams Saturday 21 to 7, taking the lead in the Berkshire League series as the result. After trailing during the first half Pittsfield staged a spectacular comeback and by scoring three touchdowns defeated last year's champions.

First half—Adams kicked to Pittsfield's 35 yard line. Pittsfield ran the ball back to Adams' 45 yard line where the ball was lost on a fumble. Adams then by steady rushing carried the ball to the one yard line where Pittsfield held it for three downs, by a short pass from Potter to McGrath, Adams then scored its only touchdown. Potter kicked the goal. Score Adams 7, Pittsfield 0. Tower kicked to Learned on Pittsfield's 35 yard line. Pittsfield carried the ball to Adams' 35 yard line where it was lost on downs. Adams, carrying the ball to midfield, was forced to punt. Pittsfield then advanced the ball up the field threatening Adams' goal line, when the whistle ended the period.

Second half—Learned kicked off to Adams' ten yard line. Adams started up the field making one first down. Learned then threw the Adams runner in two consecutive plays for losses amounting to 30 yards. Herman then ran the ball up 30 yards but it was brought back and a penalty of 15 yards was inflicted for holdings. Adams was forced to punt to Pittsfield.

Pittsfield carried the ball down the field on plunging for its first touchdown scored by Learned who recovered a fumble and carried the ball over. Bastow kicked the goal.

Learned kicked to Adams ten yard line. Adams was forced to punt after carrying the ball back 20 yards. Pittsfield then advanced the ball up the field aided by Bastow's plunging, and Garrity's long end run of 30 yards. Bastow scored the second touchdown and kicked the goal. Score—Pittsfield 14, Adams 7. Learned again kicked to Adams on its 15 yard line. Adams then opened up with a good aerial attack which was broken up when Heister intercepted a pass on Pittsfield's 25 yard line. Flynn scored the third touchdown by an end run around the right side of the Adams line. Coombs kicked the goal. Score—Pittsfield 21, Adams 7. The last two touchdowns were scored within about five minutes of play. The game ended with Pittsfield in possession of the ball on its own 40 yard line.

Pittsfield showed itself to be a well coached team and the men worked extremely well together. The team was piloted very well by Dannybuski, and Captain Gregory instilled a fighting spirit into his men.

Learned far out-kicked Tower on the kick-offs getting at least 50 yards on practically all his kicks. He did not get a chance to show his worth in the punting line, however, as Pittsfield did not punt once.

One of our star players feels that a part of the success of the game was due to the good luck, increased desire to win or whatever you wish to call it produced by the ring of one "P. W." who let the fellow take it at the beginning of the second half of the game.

The line-up:**Pittsfield**

Flynn, l.e.
Controy, Doyle, l.t.
Shaw, l.g.
Gregory, c.
Doyle, Whalen, MacDonald, Maloy, r.g.
Learned, r.t.
Coffey, r.e.
Stickles, Dannybuski, q.b.
Abrahms, Nowell, r.h.b.
Coombs, Garrity, l.h.b.
Bastow, Heister, f.b.

Adams

Plummer, r.e.
Tower, r.t.
Delargiewski, r.g.
Cossule, Fasce, c.
Davis, l.g.
Deboucher, l.t.
Andrews, Tumpene, l.e.
Herman, q.b.
McGrath, Cossule, l.h.b.
Potter, r.h.b.
Ruprechet, f.b.

Score—Pittsfield 21, Adams 7

Score at half time—Adams 7, Pittsfield 0

Touchdowns—McGrath, Learned, Bastow, Flynn

Points after touchdown—Potter, Bastow (2), Flynn

Referee—Domin, Williamstown

Umpire—Anderson, Adams

Headlinesman—McAndrews, Adams

Timekeepers—Carey, Pittsfield; Searls, Adams

Periods—12-10-12-10

Pittsfield 26—Dalton 0

Pittsfield High won its second victory of the season when on October 12 at Wahconah Park it defeated Dalton High by a score of 26 to 0.

Ten minutes before the game, Coach Carmody, having learned of the death of Johnny Farrell, tried to postpone the game, but it was decided to go on with it as both teams were on the field. As a result Pittsfield High did not play with its usual pep, but nevertheless a win was registered.

A goodly number of Pittsfield High's students were present at the game and their presence and cheers helped the team to victory.

First half—Learned kicked off to Dalton's fifteen yard line and advancing the ball about 20 yards Dalton was forced to punt. Pittsfield then took the ball down the field for its first touchdown scored by Bastow. The goal was kicked by Bastow. Learned then kicked off to Dalton's 20 yard line. Being held for downs, Dalton was forced to punt. Pittsfield then went down the field with the ball and due to a stanch stand made by Dalton, Pittsfield obtained a well earned touchdown, scored by Dannybuski.

Second half—The third touchdown of the game was made by Britt, after some line plunges made successful by teamwork. The fourth touchdown was scored by Bastow after a couple of well timed forward passes and several cagey end runs. The goal was kicked by Bastow. During the last quarter a thrill was afforded the spectators when Kelly intercepted a forward pass. Pittsfield was in possession of the ball when the game ended.

The line-up:

Pittsfield

Coffey, r.e.
 Controy, r.t.
 Doyle, Skinner, r.g.
 Gregory (Capt.), c.
 MacDonnell, Rawling, l.g.
 Learned, l.t.
 Garrity, Flynn, Whalen, l.e.
 Dannybuski, Stickles, q.b.
 Coombs, Britt, Stewart, r.h.b.
 Abrahms, Nowell, l.h.b.
 Bastow, Heister, f.b.

Dalton
 Carmel, l.e.
 Richards, l.t.
 Depew, Craiser, l.g.
 Pomeroy (Capt.), Caesar, c.
 Petty, r.g.
 Murphy, r.t.
 Davis, Adonis, r.e.
 Murray, q.b.
 Kelly, Broderick, l.h.b.
 Glendon, r.h.b.
 Kidney, f.b.

Score—Pittsfield 26, Dalton 0.

Touchdowns—Bastow (2), Dannybuski, Britt

Points after touchdown—Bastow (2)

Referee—George Miller of Syracuse

Umpire—Hugh Baron of Springfield Training School

Head-Linesman—Fred Kripper of Pittsfield

Timekeeper—Carey of Pittsfield

Periods—Two ten and two twelve minute periods

Pittsfield 7—Drury 0

Pittsfield won from Drury at Wahconah Park, Saturday November 3 by a score of 7 to 0. The local eleven outplayed Drury far more than the score shows. Many times the Pittsfield line broke through and stopped the Drury plays almost before they were started. Due to Dannybuski's cool-headedness in passing and the ability of the backs and ends to receive passes, six passes were completed for a total gain of 105 yards. Pittsfield made eleven first downs while Drury only made two. Pittsfield gained 224 yards while the up-country team gained only 46 yards during all four periods. Joe Garrity would have been a great asset in sweeping the ends, but due to a sprained shoulder received in practice Friday afternoon, he was unable to play in the game. Although the Drury line out-weighted Pittsfield's forwards, Captain Gregory and the van of the Pittsfield team showed itself to be superior to its opponents in every department of the game.

First period—It was during this period that the only score of the game was made. The period commenced with Drury kicking off to Pittsfield. Then the ball changed hands two or three times, finally to remain in Pittsfield's possession until the spectacular play of the game by a pass from Dannybuski to Coombs who ran 20 yards for a touchdown, after which Bastow kicked the goal.

Learned then kicked to Drury's 48 yard line and it was during the following plays that Drury made its only first down in the first half.

Second period—Drury punted and Pittsfield lost the ball on a fumble giving the visitors the best opportunity of the game to score, but they were held for downs

having lost 10 yards instead of advancing. At the end of the second period Pittsfield was in possession of the ball on Drury's 40 yard line.

Third period Learned kicked off to Drury and Drury was downed on its 30 yard line. During this play Learned injured his leg and was later forced to leave the line-up. Then Drury made its second first down of the game. When the period ended Drury held for downs on its 36 yard chalk line.

Fourth period—Drury was forced to punt and Pittsfield ran the ball back placing the ball in center-field. Drury then held for downs on its 40 yard line.

The visitors then tried a triple pass but it failed to gain after which they punted to Pittsfield. Then the ball changed hands on downs two or three times, ending in Drury's possession. But on attempting to pull a forward pass it was intercepted by Pittsfield and the game ended with Pittsfield in possession of the ball on Drury's 30 yard line.

The line-up:

Pittsfield

Flynn, l.e.
 Learned, Doyle, l.t.
 Shaw, l.g.
 Gregory (Capt.), c.
 Doyle, MacDonnell, r.g.
 Controy, r.t.
 Coffee, r.e.
 Dannybuski, Stickles, q.b.
 Abrahms, l.h.b.
 Coombs, Nowell, r.h.b.
 Bastow, f.b.

Drury

Primer, r.e.
 F. Rosch, r.t.
 Jaffe, r.g.
 Wescott (Capt.), Noetzel, c.
 Belouin, l.g.
 Mausert, l.t.
 Scully, Jyne, l.e.
 N. Rosch, q.b.
 Horwotiz, r.h.b.
 Del Negro, l.h.b.
 Coughlin, f.b.

Score—P. H. S. 7, D. H. S of N. Adams 0

Touchdowns—Coombs

Goal after touchdown—Bastow

Referee—Goewey of Pittsfield

Umpire—Fahey of Adams

Head linesman—Crippa of Pittsfield

Time—12 minute periods

Pittsfield 20—Williamstown 6

Pittsfield High won the championship of the Berkshire County Football League by beating Williamstown at Wahconah Park, Saturday November 10.

The condition of the field for playing purposes was anything but favorable for any kind of football to say nothing of fast back-field running.

Captain Gregory with his co-linesman opened up holes on the line big enough for a horse and wagon. The line played a remarkable game on the defense also.

Much credit is due to the backfield composed of the head-work and passing of Dannybuski, Bastow the sturdy fullback ground gainer and the steady work on the defense of both Coombs and Garrity together with the commendable work performed by the men sent into the line-up from time to time.

First half—The first score of the game was made by Garrity on an end run which resulted in a touchdown. Bastow kicked the goal. Pittsfield then kicked to Williamstown. During the second period of the game Heister scampered 30 yards for a touchdown, which was supplemented by exceptionable interference. The first half ended with the score Pittsfield 13—Williamstown 0.

Second half—Early in the second half a pass went wrong and F. Welch secured the ball as it bounced from the ground and ran towards Pittsfield's goal line, but was tackled on the ten yard line. Three tries were then made to put the ball over but failed. Then L. Welch received a pass from his brother for a touchdown. The try for point after touchdown failed.

Pittsfield then came back with a strong fighting spirit and on receiving the ball on the kick-off made a steady march for a touchdown, scored by Bastow. The point was awarded to Pittsfield as the result of off-sides.

Williamstown intercepted a pass and ran it back about 18 yards. The game ended with Williamstown in possession of the ball.

The line-up:

Pittsfield

Whalen, Flynn, Hebert, l.e.
Doyle, Learned, Hollister, l.t.
Shaw, l.g.
Gregory (Capt.), c.
MacDonnell, Doyle, Malloy, r.g.
Controy, r.t.
Coffey, r.e.
Dannybuski, Abrahms, Stickles, q.b.
Garrity, Heister, l.h.b.
Coombs, Britt, r.h.b.
Bastow, Heister, f.b.

Williamstown

Crowley, r.e.
Purcell, r.t.
Allen, r.g.
Bradley, c.
Donavan, l.g.
Cole, l.t.
Jones, l.e.
L. Welch, q.b.
Johnson, r.h.b.
Lovett, l.h.b.
F. Welch, f.b.

Score—Pittsfield 20, Williamstown 6

Touchdowns—Garrity Heister, Bastow, L. Welch

Point after touchdown—Bastow

Point awarded to Pittsfield

Referee—Goewey of Pittsfield

Umpire—Crippa of Pittsfield

Head linesman—McCarthy of Williamstown

Time—Four 12 minute periods

The Physical training classes have formed soccer teams which play their games regularly after school on the common. Much interest is being displayed by the members of the teams who are all fighting for first place. Up to this writing Team I is in first place.



Ye Poll Parrot

A Lazy Man Letter

I'm in a 10-der mood 2-day
I feel quite poetic 2.
4 fun I'll just — off a line
And send the same to u.
I'm sorry u've been 6-0 long
Don't be disconsol-8
But bear your ills with 4 ti 2 de
And they won't seem 2 gr 8.

Miss Morse: "I want the Life of Cæsar."

E. Breault: "I'm sorry but, but 'er 'er Brutus was ahead of you "

Bob Volk: "Would you like to join us in the new missionary movement?"

Millie Chown: "I'm crazy to try it; is it anything like the fox trot?"

Mr. Keaney: "What is the unit of measurement of electrical current, Mr. Skinner?"

Bill: "The what?"

Mr. Keaney: "Correct."

Doyle: "Say do you know I was named after St. Thomas?"

Flynn: "Crazy, what's the big idea?"

Doyle: "Well you see, I wasn't born in time to be named before him."

Inspector: "How much does a six pound shell weigh?"

Dumbell: "I dunno."

Inspector: "What time does the twelve o'clock train arrive?"

Dumbell: "I dunno."

Inspector: "Well now how much does a six pound shell weigh?"

Dumbell: "Oh! I see twelve pounds."

Mr. Bulger: "What is the cause of falling hair?"

R. Acly: "Gravity."

Mr. Hayes: Are you chewing gum?

M. F.: No, sir, my name is Michael Flynn.

Heard in Spanish: (Lo bastante para llegar desde il tranco al suilo).

Translation (the way it was done): The length of a man's legs should reach from his neck to the floor.

E. Wood: You guaranteed this watch would last me a life time.

Acly: Certainly, but you looked pretty sick the day you bought it.

Mrs. Bennett (2-2): Yes! For once you opened your mouth and put your foot in it.

Mr. Russell: What is the formula and valence of alumninum?

F. Gamwell: Al₃.

Mr. Russell: That's good, how did you remember it?"

F. Gamwell: I just remembered the Al stands for Al Wms., and that he likes three girls at once.

"Moses had indigestion, like you have, mother," announced small Elinor at the Sunday dinner-table.

"Why, what makes you think so?" questioned her astonished mother.

"Because our Sunday-school teacher said, 'God gave Moses two tablets.'"

An Irishman picked up a squirrel the hunter had shot from the top limb of a tree.

Looking at it sadly, he asked: "Why did ye waste the shot? Sure he'd 'ave died of the fall."

Elizabeth S. Yeadon, '24

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My Pet Cat

I've heard so many people say
Now you should see my doggie Pat,
He'll always stay through thick and thin,
But my old friend is my pet cat.

He's homely and his fur is thin,
His eyes an ugly green that shine,
Oh! so brightly in the dark,
But still my old pet cat is mine!

Some have their fluffy, wooly dogs,
Some rave about their tame white rat,
But if I had to choose again
My choice would be my old pet cat.

Ruth E. Bradway, Com'l

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 Sally Cate

Customer: "I want to see some cheap skates."
 Clerk: "Just a minute I'll call the boss."

Teacher: "When was the revival of learning."
 Pupil: "Before the last exam."

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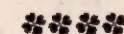
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